

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1804.

### THE HISTORY OF

### Netterville :

### A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

#### CHAP. XXVII.

"I KNOW not, best beloved of my soul, if these lines will ever reach your hands.—Alas ! I know not if the misfortunes of Katie will ever be perused by an eye of pity.—Am I then condemned to pass my life in a continuation of solitude, in joyless and uninteresting vacuity ?—Perhaps these lines will never reach your hand, perhaps we are separated, eternally separated, from each other !—My soul shudders at the bare possibility of beholding thee no more—how my heart heaves with convulsive agony when I reflect on this subject !—Yes, Mathuen, stronger bars than oceans separate us—the unrelenting cruelty of man !—Yet why, do I continually demand, why is it necessary so to confine me ?—What have I done ?—O man ! more savage than the tiger, why am I destined for thy prey ?—O God ! merciful and long-suffering, where are thy judgments, that man shall dare to doom his unoffending brother to misery ?—We behold them not, indeed, in this world ; but a day of retribution will arrive, and then, O mine enemy, tremble !—O, Mathuen ! I know not who he is, yet I forgive him, yet I will pray for composure.—O, all merciful God ! support me !—But let me relate my woes methodically.

"According to my intention, I left home soon after the death of my father. At Edinburgh I took leave of my friends,

and embarked in a vessel which I was told would take me to London.—We sailed, land receded from our view. My heart was elated with the idea of meeting your parents—with the thoughts of joining my beloved.—For two days we kept off at sea ; the wind was unfavourable.—On the following night, a plank started, we were obliged to make for shore—we landed somewhere on the south coast of Britain, which the mariners pretended to have much difficulty in gaining.—Alas ! I now think it was only pretence, as they affirmed the vessel to be unable to proceed without repairing.—We were about a mile from a small town, to which we proceeded ; a man, of the name of Moreton, undertook to be our conductor.—We lost our way, and reached a large house ; we knocked at the door—alas ! my blood recoiled with horror—a gentleman appeared, he conducted us through a court, around which this once magnificent mansion was built—it was in decay, but had evidently been a noble edifice—part of the walls were propped up with wood, part buttressed with stone, and in many places it had been suffered to fall to the ground without any attempt at repairing it ; yet this was only within the second inclosure, as the outer court appeared in complete repair—the "tout ensemble" had the look rather of a prison than a habitation—a smile passed across the face of our conductor as he handed me in, one of sarcastic irony succeeded on my remarking the gloomy appearance of the building.—"It is easily accounted for," said Moreton, "my friend's house was built in the days of feudal tyranny, when it was necessary for every one to secure both himself and his property within a fortified habitation."—I said no more, but followed

him in silence across a spacious hall, into a small parlour—the gentleman advanced, he introduced me to a man who he called Sutton, and his wife.—Mr. Sutton was a tall, raw, boney man, of about forty years of age, his features were aquiline, and strongly marked, his eyebrows arched, and overhanging a pair of dark penetrating eyes, which, however, were seldom directly turned on any one—by a sort of side-long, suspicious glance, he viewed others, while his averted face appeared to elude their scrutiny, and dread observation.—His wife was a short, thick woman, nearly his own age—her appearance immediately denoted the vulgarity of her education, and the potent libations with which she consoled herself ; the coarse and disgusting manner of these people, the scrutiny which they directed towards me during supper-time, and, above all, the many facetious jokes which Mr. Sutton imagined he let fall concerning my shape, both alarmed and shocked me—the frequent checks he received from Moreton, procured me a little respite ; and, intirely exhausted, I at length intreated permission to retire to rest.—Mrs. Sutton conducted me to a room, whose ancient grandeur, visibly decayed, promised but little comfort—the wind whistled and cracked through the crevices of the wainscot, which was black oak—the glass of the windows was broken in many places ; and, altogether, I never recollect having been in a more unpromising apartment—a dim fire in the hearth was the only enlivening object in the midst of all this desolate ; and I determined, as soon as my hostess left me, to see what could be done towards its improvement.—Mrs. Sutton, having placed the candle on the table, wished me a good night, and departed.—I then pro-

ceeded to range the chairs before the broken casements, to block out the damp air, all the while congratulating myself that I had only one night to remain in the place, as I determined to hasten, in the morning, to the town.—My feeble efforts were ineffectual towards renovating the fire, the apartment contained neither wood nor coal; and, after some time spent in fruitless exertions, I retired to bed, where, after lifting my thoughts towards him whose goodness watches over all, and praying for a speedy re-union to all I held valuable on earth, I soon sunk into a profound sleep, from which I awoke not, until roused by the voice of Mr. Sutton in the morning.—The day was serene, the prospect was enchanting, bounded by a distant view of the ocean, upon which numerous vessels and fishing smacks were sailing.—Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were already seated at the table—I enquired for Mr. Moreton, Mr. Sutton answered that he had taken a walk, and was not yet returned.—A confused rumbling in the hall alarmed me; I rose from my seat with precipitation; I was terrified, without knowing why; I went to the window.—“That blundering fool,” cried Sutton, with vehemence, “cannot carry a few sacks of corn up stairs without making that cursed noise!”—“He quite flustered madam,” said his wife.—“Ladies are soon alarmed in her situation,” said Sutton, winking significantly.—My alarm and terror increased, I trembled from head to foot, I strove to apologize for my weakness, by alleging my long fatigue.—“Come, come,” said Sutton, “never mind it—sit down and eat your breakfast, it don’t signify.—After the repast was concluded, I waited impatiently for the return of Moreton—hour after hour elapsed, and no Moreton appeared.—Mr. Sutton uttered several sarcastic observations on my anxiety, which increased every moment.—I went up stairs, and gave vent to my full heart by a violent shower of tears—I looked out of my window, but could see no one—the door of a closet adjoining my apartment, was open, I entered it accidentally, when, who shall speak my horror, at perceiving my trunks, and every thing that belonged to me, ranged in it!—For some moments I was unable to move—I ran down stairs and into the parlour where I had left Mrs. Sutton—a faint idea of the truth crossed my mind, yet I could not comprehend why I was made a prisoner.—I paused an instant at the door to collect my fortitude, I again retreated

—I put, on my hat and cloak, and then, with at least the appearance of composure, I prepared to take my leave of Mrs. Sutton—she seized me forcibly by the arm, and pulled me into the parlor.—“What can all this mean?” cried I, “what is become of Mr. Moreton?”—“Spare yourself all trouble on his account,” said she, “he sailed this morning in the vessel which brought you here.”—“I will also go,” cried I, “to E—B—, where I will remain until I can procure a passage to America—I am very much obliged, madam, for the favour I have received from you, and which I will thankfully acknowledge the first opportunity; and shall consider myself particularly indebted, if you will permit one of your domestics to conduct me to the town.”—“I see no use for any more paraphrasing,” said she, “the short and the long of the story is this, here you are, and here you are likely to remain; because why, you are not likely to get out in a hurry—I dare say, the fine gentleman who sent you here knows well enough the whys, and the wherefores—that’s nothing to us—I ask no questions—if you behave well, you’ll have no reason to complain, that’s all—you shall have meat, drink, and all found you; and as for company, there’s Sutton and myself.” I burst into tears, my whole frame trembled, “I know not what will become of me! O! Madam, if you have one grain of compassion in your nature, suffer me to leave this place—no one has any right to controul me but my husband, and he is far off!”—“Your husband’s father,” said Sutton, who now entered the room.—“It is false,” cried I, “he is too noble!”—“It is also the command of your husband.”—“O horrid!” screamed I, “this is a vile fabrication, it is false as hell—O Mathuen, Mathuen! what is life, if I am condemned to be separated from thee?—I will fly to my beloved!—I insist on being permitted to quit this house instantly—at your peril detain me any longer.” They replied not, but leaving the room, I heard them lock the door. My heart, from this moment, Mathuen, acquitted thee; for hadst thou wished to resign me, thy father need not to have parted us, yet I can scarcely think it was his work.—Alas! no, my suspicions glance on another!—My soul refused all consolation—for was I not condemned to pass days, months, perhaps years in solitude and misery, denied all intercourse with the world, uncertain of thy existence!—O my soul’s love! was not also my child,

thy child, the legitimate and honourable offspring of the daughter of Macdonald, deprived of every hope, and even before its birth consigned to ignominy and oblivion?—O merciful God, it was too much? I intreated permission to go up stairs—I am even now in the solitary, dreary chamber before-mentioned—I have fortunately pen, ink, and paper in my trunk—I have written thus far, but am too ill to proceed.—O God, my soul shudders!—Mathuen, my love, O! O should I not survive!—But let me not despair.—Every attempt to leave this place, for the present, would be fruitless.—Alas! I can scarcely sit up—my heart fails—my soul is sick—my head aches—cold sweats bedew my brow.—O, how will nature, feeble nature, sustain itself, unassisted in the hour of trial—I faint—I die!

“For many days have I been confined to my bed; but I thank God I am now better—Heaven, alone, knows what I am reserved for! but let me not, sacrilegiously, scrutinize its secret ways—how bitter have been my reflections in this gloomy period! Mathuen I have, in this interval, called myself to a severe account—yet I know not that I have intentionally injured any one—how many have basked in the sunshine of my prosperity!—Have I not made “the widow’s heart to sing for joy?”—have I not been “eyes to the blind,” and “feet to the lame?”—O my father! my husband! where are your protecting arms?

“Day after day elapses; week follows week; months are only marked by misery; yet the hours are numbered with sighs, since first I entered this dreary mansion—yet what is astonishing, notwithstanding my anxiety of mind, and my imprisonment, my health is better than when I first arrived—every thing is arranged, as well as poor Katie can arrange for the reception of her innocent lamb. O God, thou alone knowest what the helpless infant may have to encounter hereafter—thou, alone, canst protect and support its parent!

“Mathuen, I am a mother; my sweet Donald—tender, lovely flower! ah, why am I not permitted to present thee with a fond mother’s rapture to the embrace of thy father?—Why am I not permitted to behold the delight with which he would fold to his bosom his first-born? O Mathuen! to thee will I recount my sufferings, in the silence, in the solitude of the night, without assistance, without even a companion, did thy Katie encounter the hour of peril! Children of sympathy,

hearts of compassion, daughters of virtue, ye will scarcely believe such wretches exist—even I am sometimes tempted to doubt my senses. Mrs. Sutton visits me regularly every day; I am permitted to walk in the court—poor Martha carries out my darling every morning—my sweet babe now sleeps beside me—something, O my beloved! tells me we shall yet meet in peace.

“Mathuen, Mathuen, my heart is congealed with horror!—Martha tells me, O God! that they will take my child!—I cannot live without him!—Dreadful! barbarians, ruffians, murderers, villains! O ye shall yet feel!—Sweet babe, Heaven, in its wrath, consume thine enemies!—O my child, my child! to the pitiless tempest, to the raging of the storm, to the fury of the ocean—O my lamb!

“Thou art gone—sighs, tears, prayers—what availed thee?—O, Death! where art thou? I will sit down on the cold ground—once, twice, thrice—Mathuen, Mathuen, Mathuen!—My husband, come!—O, my father! where art thou?

“I know not the length of time which elapsed, or how I got out of my confinement; but a long, long period after this last stroke, I found myself in a mean cabin, on the sea-shore; the people near me—a fisherman, his wife, and three small children. I had no claim on their humanity but that of strong necessity; and these genuine and disinterested children of nature admitted that claim.—Dorcas employed me in arranging her household affairs, and taking care of her youngest child, while she went to —, and the seats of the neighbouring gentry, with the fish her husband procured—the sweet smiles of the fascinating babe, reminded me of my lost Donald, and I have wept whole days, while nursing and caressing the innocent cherub.

“To the best of my recollection, it was summer when I first arrived at —, at the cabin of Roger Smallwell—it was situated so near to the sea, that it exposed us to all the severities of the weather; and, before winter set in, Roger determined to seek a more commodious habitation, a little way up the country; we accordingly removed to a neat cot, at the foot of a very steep hill, at some miles distance: here we continued to live some time in peace. Little Roger could now walk; and Dorcas having good credit with her neighbours, procured plenty of sewing for herself and me, which aided her husband’s uncertain occupation; to complete the plan of economy in this lit-

tle family, Roger worked with a neighbouring farmer whenever he had leisure; the two elder children mended his nets, and fishing-tackle.—A deep snow began to fall, yet Roger was obliged to continue his labour; and, as he generally did at this season, he left his family, to carry his fish to a more saleable market. A few days after his departure, a thaw began to take place, and Dorcas tormented herself, lest any accident should happen to her good man from the currents he would have to encounter. The night after his departure was very gloomy and uncomfortable, and we retired to rest with a mournful foreboding, as I have since thought, of the misfortune which was soon to befall us; we had not been in bed many hours, when a loud crash on the roof of the house alarmed us; we all started from our rest; I took little Roger in my arms, and hurried down stairs as fast as possible—Dorcas attempted to follow with the other children, when, who can speak my horror, the roof fell in, and buried them, irrecoverably, in its ruins.—Little Roger, and myself were secured, for the present, beneath one side of the kitchen, which still remained, if that could be called security, which added the dread of famine to the fear of suffocation.—To the best of my calculation, we remained four days and nights, in a state of comfortless despair—as it was Saturday when the accident happened, the day following I could distinctly hear the bells of the village church ringing for service; a few dried crusts of bread, and a little stale water, was all the nourishment within our reach. Poor little Roger cried bitterly, and my heart, independent of its own distress, felt the acutest sorrow for the sufferings of this dear child, and for the affliction his kind-hearted father would encounter at his return. Perhaps it was the perversity of human nature—or, perhaps, the effect of the snow on the stomach—or the want of occupation—or all combined; but I never, in my life, experienced so keen an appetite; Roger cried constantly for food; and, at the end of the second day, our provision was totally exhausted; my stomach ached; a gnawing seized it. The child, indeed, cried no longer for food—but an additional anxiety was now added to my mind; he was ill; his little limbs were parching; and, it appeared more than probable, that he would soon be at rest. A burning fever followed cold shiverings; no healing draught could be administered; all I could procure, to assuage his burning

thirst, was a little snow, which I dissolved with my breath—at the conclusion of the third day, he was no more!

“I had now nothing to interrupt my melancholy contemplations—nothing to disturb the horror which overwhelmed my weak reason. I mourned for the good Dorcas, and her two children; I mourned also for little Roger; I again wept for my own Donald; I now, for the first time, regretted my former prison. Alas! what a state was that which could admit of such a regret! O Mathuen, my love, in this hour of bitterest trial, I thought of thee; and, as I lifted my soul to the All-wise, I prayed for thy happiness—thy prosperity; a divine consolation appeared to reach me; the gnawings of my stomach ceased; a dimness came over my eyes, and I lost all consciousness. When I awoke from this stupor, I could plainly distinguish a noise over my head, and distinctly heard the sound of voices; but I was too weak to attempt to make myself heard. The noise, however, continued; and, after some time, the voice of Roger exclaimed, in a joyful tone—“God in Heaven be praised, part of the kitchen remains, they may yet live!”

“At length the light of the sun once more beamed on my weakened optics; a faintness succeeded, and it was long ere I could recount the fate of my companions. As I recovered my health, I became an object of curiosity in the neighbourhood; and my mind, which had never intirely recovered its first shock, again became unsettled. I remember quitting the vicinity of —, but can recollect little more than that I continued to ramble, careless whither I directed my steps. Seasons were alike to me; I bore the inclemency of the weather, and the howlings of the storm, without dismay; for the storm in my bosom exceeded them—hunger, cold, rain, were all lost amidst the acute emotions of the heart: my body was wasted to a skeleton, and my mind gradually became reduced to the state in which I was found by an angel.

“O gentle, compassionate being! thou shalt look beyond this world for thy reward—the “blessing of her that was ready to perish” be upon thee; and while the heart of the once-forsaken Katie shall continue to beat, she will daily offer up prayers for thy felicity!

“Mrs. Walsingham, my friend, my preserver!

Adieu!”

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

In August, 1804 ;

OR,

HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,

ON

HAPPINESS.

(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla, Juvenia, Lucinda, Vanessa,  
Olivia, Marianna, Cecilia, Celestina.

SCENE—Banks of the Schuylkill :—TIME—Mid-day

LUCINDA.

I, MARIANNA, join with you, to blame  
Of Education-schools the very name;  
For they, in gen'ral, only gib'rish teach,  
Not how to show our charms, or how get rich;  
And, without these, the female life would be  
One tasteless round of dull monotony.  
What signifies to speak by rules of art?  
Such language never captivates the heart:  
And, as you justly say, 'twould not commend  
Us to a sprightly beau, or genteel friend;  
For learning is, with such deem'd vulgar, low;  
And can they relish what they do not know?  
Therefore, with you I perfectly agree  
That dancing-school gives more felicity;  
Because we there, from thought find sweet relief,  
And antidotes to gloominess and grief;  
The door to fashionable life it opens,  
Gives present joys, and flatters future hopes.  
But, that true Happiness lives there alone,  
I do not, cannot, and will, never own,  
No—at Accomplishment's resorts she dwells,  
Among her fav'rite children, sprightly belles;  
Where Taste and Fashion hold despotic sway,  
And the beau-monde both rev'rence and obey.  
No low-bred modes of education there  
Ruffle the placid bosoms of the fair;  
Scholastic jargon, such as you pourtray,  
Nor puzzles, plagues, nor frets them night and day.  
And yet, in learning they too pass their time,  
But, then, 'tis learning something more sublime;  
Where your hard thinking never is requir'd,  
Nor constant application e'er desir'd.  
Oh! had you, Marianna, e'er been there,  
And of those dear employments had a share;  
Compar'd with them, the dancing-school wou'd seem  
But as the lunar to the solar beams.  
When I was thus employ'd (—'tis now not long—)  
Study was no more trouble than a song:  
In fact, the deep research was little priz'd,  
And intellect but little exercis'd;  
As, by what follows, you may plainly see;  
'Tis a description in epitome.

According to our choice, ourselves we class'd:  
In various occupations, time was pass'd:—  
In various kinds of needlework, some wrought;  
Some wove rich lace, with finest figures fraught:  
Some rais'd gay, silken flow'rs, on satten ground,  
Till mimic life seem'd glowing all around;  
And some in filligree employ'd the hours,  
Still vying with the artist in his pow'rs,  
Till num'rous party-colour'd works (like shows)  
From the fair forming hands in order rose;  
While others, to the rest some stories read,  
Of conq'ring beauties, and of hearts that bled,  
Of happy matches, and of pairs distress'd,  
Till sympathies awak'd each gentle breast;

Others, apart, essay'd to woo the Muse,  
Or Queen of Love, in answering billet-doux  
Warm from the heart of some enamour'd youth,  
In vows of everlasting love and truth;  
Others, again, were fixing their array,  
Their charms to such advantage to display,  
That certain execution should, alike,  
Each fond admirer, or beholder, strike.  
In ways like these, our time was still employ'd—  
Ways, with which youthful minds are never cloy'd,  
Because, the liveliest feelings they engage,  
And give them all the pleasures of the age.  
Now, we were usher'd to the world complete,  
With bright accomplishments, and all things fit,  
In gay and fashionable life to shine,  
According to great Nature's wise design.

Let gloomy, rigid moralists pretend,  
It should be Woman's aim or is her end,  
Not the admiring eyes of Man to woo,  
But hide her beauties from the public view:—  
And, let them blame, as freely as they chuse,  
All the alluring methods that we use,  
Notice to draw, or hearts to captivate—  
'Tis but the privilege of our destin'd state.  
We were design'd, by Heav'n, to charm and please;  
These our prerogatives, our object these:  
And, hard it is, when we the means employ,  
To please mankind, mankind those means decry!  
Why were we made with beauties to ensnare,  
If all those beauties to be buried are?  
In Nature's range the fairest flow'rs we meet,  
Unfold their loveliness, diffuse their sweet:  
Not fashion'd for themselves alone, they're found;  
Their charms and odours bless the country round.  
And, shall the animate creation (—pray)  
Be more conceal'd, or less esteem'd, than they?  
And, shall not Woman, then, use all her force  
Hers to commend, where Nature points her course?  
Surely, she ought—and, also, try that way  
Which gives her the most perfect, best display.  
Men railing against Fashion, act like elves;  
Who make, or keep up, fashions but themselves?  
Did we not find bare arms, robes tight, or thin,  
Or flaunting dress alone their hearts could win;  
Sure, we would not ourselves so much expose,  
Nor trust our health to ev'ry wind that blows:  
And, therefore, if to us be ill, or shame,  
Man is the cause,—on man should be the blame.  
And here, methinks, some weighty questions flow—  
Such as—Is Fashion criminal, or no?  
Now, if majority shall judge the best,  
Not criminal,—the verdict stands confest,  
Look round the world; and see how Fashion reigns,  
With Custom link'd in close-connected chains:  
These hold o'er all mankind imperious sway;  
And all mankind obsequiously obey.  
Whence, but from Fashion, or from Custom, rise  
Those sentiments which all men equalize?  
Such as *high sense of honour* to resent  
Ev'ry affront: accept a challenge sent;  
Nay, challenge too; and, for the least offence,  
Call out for blood, e'en blood of innocence;  
And, rather than not satisfaction have,  
Send twenty brothers to a timeless grave.  
Of such, you all a recent instance know,  
Held forth to gazing Nations, as a show  
Of that soul's greatness, which all law condemn'd,  
For, being above law, it can't be blam'd.  
Thus Custom, and thus Fashion, we may see,  
Omnipotent, from low to high degree:  
Oppos'd to their designs, all force is weak;  
They know no limits, and they heed no check:  
What but their sanction-pow'r can countenance  
Upon the Sabbath-night the merry dance;  
Or sprightly airs from the piano's keys;  
Or whist, or loo, or other games that please?  
Fashion and Custom render these polite;  
And the Gay World can prove that they are right.

But, for the sake of arguing this theme,  
I'll grant, that Fashion's wrong when in th' extreme;  
In dress prepos't'rous, perhaps criminal;—  
What follows then?—Let our *wisecrackers* tell.  
On Woman only, must all blame be thrown?  
Is she preposterous, or wrong, alone?  
And is proud Man whatever his degree,  
From Fashion's influence entirely free?  
Let us examine fairly—View a beau:  
He's Fashion's very pink, from top to toe.  
Huge whiskers nearly half his face o'erspread;  
Down to his eyes his forehead's hair is spread;  
His hair behind close cropp'd, *tippée* appears;  
A baby-collar flaps against his ears;  
His chin, sunk in puff-poultice, scarce is seen,  
As if the dire king's-evil lurk'd within.  
Now, his long coat, that lures the vulgar stare,  
Or dangles at his heels, or streams in air;  
And now, the apology for coat confest,  
(So short it is) scarce reaches to his waist.  
His hand-broad jackettee our eyes next meet;  
Next, pantaloons from bosom down to feet,  
Last, his canoe-mouth'd, or his square-toed shoes.  
Commanding a respect none dare refuse.  
Thus, cloth'd with Fashion and with consequence,  
He feels his dignity, and shews his sense;  
For, sudden he becomes so short of sight,  
Without a glass, he scarce knows day from night,  
Nor e'en his friend, tho' at th' adjoining door,  
Whom he has always known and nam'd before.  
Hence, Fashion's influences as pow'rful are  
O'er the creation's lord as o'er the fair.  
Therefore ere Man for cause of censure roam,  
Let him consider well, and look at home;  
He'll find sufficient imperfections there,  
For charity, and for correction's care.  
Then, when himself shall shew th' example good,  
Well-pleas'd, we'll copy him, with gratitude:  
But, until then, we feel ourselves at ease,  
To follow Fancy's dictates as we please:  
And we'll continue to indulge in all  
The fashions of the day that to us fall;  
Since they life's passage smooth, each moment blem,  
And give us the extreme of Happiness.

Then, Fashion, gay divinity, be mine:  
Be it my lot, to gazing crowds to shine;  
And, with unrival'd lustre, to appear  
First vot'ry in thy circles, far and near:  
So shall I envy not the greatness, pride,  
Wealth, or e'en Virtue, of the world beside.  
(to be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XXI.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!  
More pointed still we make ourselves  
Regret, remorse, and shame!  
And man whose heaven erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn. Burns.

TO descant on the miseries of man  
is, and always has been, so favourite a  
subject, that it seems long since exhaust-  
ed. In days long past, an ancient philoso-  
pher painted the wretched situation of  
man with such "gloomy eloquence" that  
many of his hearers slew themselves;  
and now he is held in the same point of  
view by our divines and moralists to

wean our affection from earthly objects and enjoyments. The hypocondriast whose unhappy temper (destroying every slender joy which life affords) has long since put him out of humour with life, with bitterness of soul experiences that "the human race are sons of sorrow born," and the gloomy cynical philosopher, as well as the best and most impartial men, acknowledge the same. But how often, alas, do unhappy mortals bring upon themselves by their own errors, miseries of the most acute kind. "Remorse, regret, and shame," in an unhappy moment are showered upon their heads by one act committed without reflection; by one act, the best often lay the foundation for becoming the worst of men.

This commencement of the most unbounded depravity frequently springs, not from a disposition naturally bad, or prone to wickedness, but from perhaps a single impetuous passion, which ruling superior to the others, urges the unhappy person whom it controuls into some venial error, which, in the eyes of mankind, appears the greatest crime. Unacquainted with the circumstances attaching to it, and having heard nothing in extenuation of it, the worst conclusions are often formed and the ill-fated person who committed it, finds himself shunned by his friends, and almost an outcast from society. When the world views the character of a man as bad, he too often becomes indifferent of it himself; and he who was calculated to adorn society, to become a benefactor of mankind, and an honour to human nature, sinks gradually to infamy.

Perhaps I am colouring the picture too high; it may be said, that no man who possessed those innate good qualities in so high a degree, would be guilty of any act which could thus degrade him; but observation will, I fear, too fatally confirm the truth of the assertion. Suppose however, his friends are disposed to view it in the fairest light; if he is a person of acute feeling, he places it in the worst, he considers that there are few imprudent actions (when imprudent is the worst epithet they deserve) which the malevolence of the envious, or hatred of enemies may not so distort and colour as to make them highly criminal; and that there is an evil principle in the human breast which inclines it to make the *worst of every thing*. It destroys the confidence with which he should approach society, for, reflecting that his character is not without a blemish, he knows not

how far the world may have extended their prejudices.

The ignorant and unfeeling will, at times, reproach him for his former misconduct, if not openly, with sarcastic hints and unmanly insinuations. Thus disagreeably situated, he flies society, and solitude is by no means the situation calculated to tranquilize his mind. Time, it may be said, wears away every evil impression from the mind respecting the man whose subsequent good conduct has atoned for past crimes; but as

"There is a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;"

and as it is also true, that

"On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born and die;"

we must not suppose, that the same evil spirit which promulgated them, will suffer them quietly to sink into oblivion.

This is one of the various means the imprudent man takes to add to the many evils he endures in the common course of nature with the most prudent and circumspect. And indeed, so grievous are the miseries endured by the best, that most who have gone the round of life will acknowledge, that on the whole, they have received so small a portion of "the good things of life" in their journey, that they would not be willing to again begin the world were the different scenes to be exactly similar to what they were before. The conclusion to be drawn is apparent; their days of pleasure have been so few, and their days of misery so many, their imprudencies so numerous, and their better deeds so few, that they look back disgusted and disappointed. That such should be our lot, affords to the most giddy and heedless mortal, in those moments of reflection which all have, a most melancholy picture to dwell on.—And, to conclude; if any thing is calculated to excite sublime thoughts in the soul, "wean it from earth, and wing its flight to heaven," it is the contemplation of the miseries of human life.

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With a pleasure, perhaps greatly superior to that of his readers, the *Scribler* recommences the publication of his numbers. It cannot however be supposed, that one who has other concerns to attend to, should continue it regularly without assistance, and therefore it is hardly necessary to mention how much he would be pleased with communications on moral and literary topics addressed to him; which, if left with the Editor of the Repository, will be immediately attended

to.—Some weeks since, a wish was expressed by "CLAUDIA" that I should devote some of my numbers to recommending the "holy state of matrimony;" if she recurs to my second and fourth numbers, she will probably acknowledge, that I have already said sufficient on that subject; any communications of her's on that, or any other topic, would however, be highly flattering to the *Scribler*.

P.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

A READER'S GLEANINGS. No. VIII.

### CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR.

ONE of the chief beauties, in a female character, is that of modest reserve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause: if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least less amiable women: but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness, an incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush, when she is conscious of no crime. It is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you, because you do so.—Blushing is so far from being necessarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty, which I think so essential in your sex, will naturally dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dullness. One may take a share in conversation, without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shows it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addressess you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference be-

tray the flutter of your heart: let your pride, on this occasion, preserve you from that meanness, into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men even of the first rank, with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess.—It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature; otherwise it will create you many enemies.—Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy; yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it, become intoxicated, and lose all self command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. It may sometimes gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious of displaying your good sense.—It will be thought you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness; but such an one will seldom fall in your way; and if, by accident, he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you possess. The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex is concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice—I think, unjustly. Men are equally guilty of it, when their interests interfere. As your interests

more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent: for this reason, be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regard. We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Show a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villany of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of showing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgusting to us.—All double entendre is of this sort. The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain and contempt.—Virgin purity is of such a delicate nature, that it cannot bear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy: Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy; I wish you to possess it: at any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

The men will complain of your reserve, they will assure you, that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But, trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge, that, on some occasions, it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women—an important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of. After all, I wish you to have great ease and openness in your conversation; I only point out some considerations, which ought to regulate your behaviour in that respect.

Have a sacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and despicable vice. I have known some women of excellent parts, who were so much addicted to it, that they could not be trusted in the relation of any story, especially if it contained any

thing of the marvellous, or if they themselves were the heroines of the tale. This weakness did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to censure that lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleness of spirit and manners, extremely engaging in your sex—not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. This arises either from an affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

There is a species of refinement in luxury, just beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are as yet as great strangers as any women upon earth; I hope, for the honour of the sex, that they may ever continue so; I mean the luxury of eating. It is a despicable, selfish vice in men; but in your sex it is, beyond expression, indelicate and disgusting.

Every one, who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies: their drawing-rooms are deserted: and, after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitle them to, I shall not here particularly enquire. The revolutions of manners in any country depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and stately. It would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgement, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us—by the fullest display of their personal charms—by being always in our eye at public places—by conversing with us, with the same unreserved freedom as we do with one another—in short by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can—but a little time and experience will show the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts,

is even beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion; but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power; she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenious modesty to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you should feel, previous to the reflection, that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty, should be reserved to bless the arms of the happy man, to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the least delicacy, will despise them, if he knows that they have been prostituted to fifty men before him. The sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance, which is not so much a quality itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter; it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature; but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners—every virtue and every excellency in their most graceful and amiable forms.

You may perhaps think, that I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he said of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.

## LONDON ARTICLES

### EMIGRATION.

The emigration from Ireland to America during the last 12 months are estimated at 27000; and the linen trade, that staple commodity of the country, to have decreased 8,000,000 yards in proportion to what it amounted in the year preceding.

The King and Queen of England have alive thirteen children, who have all attained the years of maturity. Perhaps there are few similar instances in the Kingdom.

## PARISIAN ARTICLES.

### ADMIRAL LATOUCH TREVILLE.

Lous-Rene-Magdaleine-Levassor Latouche-Treville, grand officer of the empire, one of the inspector generals of the coast, grand officer of the legion of honor, and vice-admiral commanding the squadron of his imperial majesty in the Mediterranean, has just died, on board the Bucentaur, in the road of Toulon.

This general officer, the issue of a family highly distinguished in the records of the navy, was born at Rochefort, on the 3d of June, 1745.

Seized on the 22d Thermidor with a grievous sickness, of which he did not conceal the danger, he was in vain solicited to suffer himself to be carried on shore, in order to receive that assistance of which his situation stood in need; he constantly refused and expired on board Le Bucentaur in the night of the 2d Fructidor.

His last words were,—“A sea officer ought to die under his ship's flag.”

The supreme fashion among the Parisian belles is to wear upon the left temple a *Paradise plume*, reversed, with the end of the quill concealed behind the ear, a profusion of diamonds, and the hair in loose curls upon the fore-head.

The young ladies of Paris are assigned four different courses of study for the four seasons of the year.—In *Autumn*, they learn to ride; in *Winter*, they learn to dance; in *Spring* they study botany; and, in *Summer*, they learn to swim.

## TRIFLES.

AT a city feast in London, one of the company was expatiating on the blessings of Providence, “aye” said Alderman Curtis, smacking his lips, “it is a blessed place sure enough; *we get all our turtle from it.*”

It was an ill natured reply of Mr. Windham's when it was said, “Mr. C. has a vast deal of wit,” to answer, “He needs must have a vast deal for he never wastes any.”

LORD Oxford, saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding. “Now, my lord,” said the countess of Buckinghamshire, “I see the reason *you never play deep.*”

A barrister, blind with one eye, pleading one day with his spectacles on, “Gentlemen, in my argument, I shall use nothing but what is necessary.” Mr. Mingay replied immediately, “take out then, one of the glasses of your spectacles.”

Philadela, Dec. 1, 1804.

## LITERARY.

WASHINGTON'S LIFE. “Henri, (says a Paris Paper,) an esteemed translator of several English works is now engaged in translating the life of Gen. Washington, compiled from the documents and papers which this gentleman, one of the founders of American liberty, has bequeathed to his relation, the Hon. Bushrod Washington.”

## FIRE!

The printing-office of Mr. R. Davidson, editor of the North-Carolina Messenger, at Warrenton, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 10th ult. supposed by design. The loss is estimated at upwards of 2000 dollars.

A Worcester paper states the following instance of **EARLY PARTURITION.**

A medical friend has communicated to us the following obstetrical incident. Mrs. *Amlia Burlingame* of *Sturbridge*, lately became the “*living mother of a living son*,” which weighed 8 pounds, on the day that she [the mother] was twelve years, six months, and five days old.

**MARRIED**—On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. *George L. Tallman*, of the Northern Liberties, to Miss *Mary Dickson*, of this city.

—At Dover, (N. J.) Mr. *John P. Wendell*, printer, to Miss *Sarah Ann Bickford*.

—At Waterbury, (Conn.) Mr. *Joel Walter*, editor of the N. Haven Visitor, to Miss *Sally Leavenworth*, daughter of col. William Leavenworth.

**DIED**—On the 18th ult. at Albany the Hon. Maj. Gen. *Philip Schuyler*, Aet. 71, a man eminent for his useful labors in the military and civil affairs of our country.

—At Hopkinton (N. J.) on the 3d ult. Mrs. *Martha Manton*, Aet. 100 years 14 days.

—At Georgia, Mr. *James Thomas*, Aet. 134.

—At London, Aug. 24, Mrs. *Margaret Arnold*, Aet. 44, widow of Brig. Gen. A. and daughter of the Hon. Ed. Shippen, Ch. Justice of the state of Pennsylvania.

*Errata in Juvenile Seraps, No. 4.*

Paragraph 3d, line 4th, for *acid* read *aid*.  
Do. line 21st, for *when* read *where*.  
Do. line 29th, for *these* read *there*.  
Do. line 37th, for *they* read *there*.  
Do. line 46th, for *to* read *se*.

## Temple of the Muses.

### JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. V.

#### THE EVENING STAR.

LATELY, to Noon's triumphant sway  
I strove to frame the humble lay,  
Until the heat became intense,  
And, quite o'erpow'ring ev'ry sense,  
The Muse commanded to decline  
Or else the task assum'd resign.  
Now, as the cooling breezes wake,  
And breathe along the curling lake.  
And with reviving odours teem,—  
Who cou'd forego the pleasing theme?  
How joyful I essay again  
To chaunt the tributary strain!  
While falling dews refresh the ground,  
And nature seems to smile around.

As twilight now, in mantle grey,  
Extends o'er half the world his sway:  
While day and night for empire vie,  
Bright *Hesper* lights the western sky.  
He, foremost of the starry train  
That gem the firmamental plain,  
Leads on the radiant host of heav'n,  
And gilds the modest front of Ev'n:  
Thus pendent in the azure sky,  
How beauteous to th' admiring eye!  
The splendours of his burnish'd urn  
'Mid circumambient æther burn;  
And, as serene they round him play,  
Give beauty to the setting day.

Such was the fabled torch of old  
Blazing with living flame of gold,  
That Hymen to his vot'ries shew'd,  
As designating his abode,—  
His bliss-conferring temple, where  
Resorted ev'ry plighted pair.  
Auspicious lamp to kindred souls,  
Who feel affection's soft controuls,  
To light them to the myrtle grove  
Sacred to Venus and to love;  
Where they the passing hours employ  
In fond endearment and in joy:  
Repeating raptures o'er and o'er,  
Obedient to Love's magic lore;  
And mingling oft the balmy kiss  
Of pure, serene and social bliss.

Hail, beauteous Star! to me most dear—  
Oft hast thou seem'd to lend an ear,  
When I invoc'd thy radiance bright  
To gild my path thro' dubious light,

As with Erminia, lovely maid!  
In view of smiling Eve I stray'd  
Along yon meadow's flow'ry side,  
Whose scenes are drest in rural pride.  
But, virtue-blasting libertine,  
Our thoughts and talk were not like thine:  
No; converse of the sweetest kinds  
Delighted and improv'd our minds;  
Leaving impressions good and true,  
Which we with pleasure cou'd review,  
Hail, beauteous Star! thou long hast been  
The golden lamp of Beauty's queen.  
Safely to guide the faithful feet  
Of those design'd for union sweet,  
Along the pleasing flow'ry road  
That leads to her divine abode:  
And thus, to ev'ry future race,  
Shalt thou display thy smiling face:  
And thy inspiring beams be lent  
To cherish tender sentiment,  
As long as Love shall here remain  
And hold his universal reign.

JUNIO.

#### For the Philadelphia Repository.

WHAT various ideas fill the mind,  
And rule the actions of mankind,  
E'en, amongst men, from the same schools,  
And taught the same invariable rules,  
We trace a difference of thought.  
What one of them, would think was just and good,  
And would defend, ev'n with his vital blood,  
Another would consider nought.  
But mark me tho', I don't presume to say  
It is impossible to find a score,  
Of men, who think exactly the same way,  
I think indeed, you'd find a number more.  
Yet, if one sentiment inspir'd each breast,  
It would by each be differently express'd;  
Thus, when love's pleasing passion rules the heart,  
And bids the blood with feverish transport start,  
Fills with soft eloquence, the sparkling eyes,  
And heaves the swelling breast, with anxious sighs  
Each one, will different language use,  
To tell the anxious feeling of his mind,  
The learned gentleman, will call the *Muse*  
With *nonsense soft*, to make the fair-one kind,  
Tell her that Cupid with his dart,  
Has, in his bosom made a monstrous hole  
And that love's flame burns so, about his heart,  
'Tis wonder that's not burnt into a coal,  
Says, Venus is not fit to make her bed,  
Then gather similes from old Greek sonnets,  
And plaister them as thick about her head  
As ribbons, sometimes, are about their bonnets.  
But, us poor devils of mechanics,  
Who know as much of Latin, love, or Greek  
As horses, do of music, in their panics,  
Are forced with less sublimity to speak,  
And 'mongst the tools we work with, at our trade  
Find some near semblance of our charming maid.  
In proof of this, pray let me sing an ode  
Written, for sooth,—*Carpenter a la mode*—

#### ODE TO BETTY BROOM.

DEAR Betty Broom, my best beloved,  
I'm conquer'd by thy swinish grace;  
Nor, can I longer see unmoved,  
The dimples of thy grindstone face.

Oh! Betty wouldst thou Peter chuse,  
To be thy beau so fine and smart;  
For joy I'd jump out of my shoes,  
And pour in song my love-sick heart.

Oh! when I see, of love the soul,  
Peep through thy eyes as they soft roll,  
Like in a spoon's deep bowl, a leaden bullet,  
It makes my very heart rejoice,  
To hear the charms of thy sweet voice,  
Sweet as the cackling of a laying pullet.

Some say, you have a monstrous nose,  
As large and crooked as a *jack plane* tool;  
They say too 'tis as flush as any rose,  
Or, rather like a red-hot burning coal.

But then thy hair makes full amends,  
And fills the girls with envious cravings;  
Lo! on thy neck-poll it descends,  
And curls in ringlets just like *shavings*.

Sweet as a *glue-pot* is thy breath,  
Thy pouting lips so full of *flavours*,  
Which envious try to hide thy teeth,  
E'en, as the teeth of *cross-cut-saws*.

Tho' from thy cheeks the maiden blush has fled,  
Tho' modesty's shy looks are thine no more;  
The chemist's shop supplies thy face with red,  
And artfulness with down-cast looks a store.

What tho' thy stature is but *five feet high*,  
No, *hydrant* I am sure is half so taper;  
And then thy skin to my enraptured eye,  
Is smooth and sleek as any old *sand paper*.

Oh! Betty wouldst thou be my wife,  
I think we'd lead a charming life;  
Each fleeting moment would bring new delight,  
And nothing (less) than straws, should make us  
fight.

My dog-like nature, and thine so like cat's,  
When mix'd, I think, would make most charming  
brats,  
Whose winning softness often would beguile,  
Old scowling Hate, of an approving smile.

Why spreads that pretty mouth from ear to ear?  
Why dost thou thus so scornful on me grin?  
Indeed, dear Bet, I now begin to fear,  
Thou dost not for poor Peter care a pin.

Perhaps in that same scornful grin,  
If to surmise is not to sin  
Thou hast another view,  
You take me for a silly swain  
Who'll come and ask thee once again  
De'il take me if I do.

PETER.